Best of All

By HONORE WILLSIE

The aisles of pines stretched in every direction, on and on, until the white of the snow flood blended with the white and green of snow laden boughs in dim, shadowy blacks. The silence of the afternoon was unbroken. Even the snow birds were not to be heard, and there was not a breath of wind to disturb the white drapery that covered the pines.

Rose, gliding along on her snowshoes, seemed part and parcel of the quiet beauty of the winter forest. Her slender strength and easy grace seemed strangely in harmony with the fine straightness of the pines.

But for the first time in her life Rose was only vaguely conscious of the loveliness of the woods. She sped on swiftly, untiringly, guiding her course with now and then a mechanical glance at the ax cuts on the pine tree trunks. In her mind she was reviewing over and over the scene of the morning. Again she saw the tense face of her husband, with the expressionless faces of the two guides behind him. The cause of the quarrel had been trivial enough. Rose scarcely recalled it now. The main point was that her husband, with his English instincts, could not understand that his wife, with her American instincts, could be led, but not driven.

"The Hon. Hugh Boynton," Rose had stormed at him across the campfire, "can bullyrag his mother and his sisters, but his wife is just plain American and she will not be ordered as if she were one of his pointers!"

The Hon. Hugh had straightened his stalwart figure into lines of adamantine stiffness.

"I thought my request was for your own good, Rose," he had said.

"Request!" Rose had repeated indignantly. "It was not a request. It was an order. I would do anything on earth that you asked me to do, but I won't be ordered to do things 'for my best good!' Hugh, what do you know about these Wisconsin pines? I was born and bred in them."

"ROSE!" HE CRIED. "I THOUGHT I HAD LOST YOU!"

Hugh had looked at her in utter bewilderment. The subtle difference between requesting and ordering the same thing was quite lost on him. He knew that he loved the beautiful, stormy girl before him, but something in his English blood made him feel that if he came to her point of view he would belittle himself. So he had merely turned his back on his wife, saying in his Oxford drawl:

"I'm sure I don't care to discuss the matter further."

Rose had stared at him in utter amazement as he made the preparations for the day's hunt. Never in all her spoiled young life had she been so outraged and ignored. Without a word she pulled her soft cap down over her ears, turned up the collar of her great white sweater, slipped her moccasined feet under the thongs of her snowshoes and made off to the south through the clear morning air.

"I am going back to Westhaven," she had said to herself. "I can stop at Levant's lumber camp for supper, and from there take the main road and reach Westhaven by midnight. I've not been alone in the woods at night, but I guess I won't be afraid."

So all the bright winter day she had kept her course, her anger and resentment increasing as she drew farther from the hunting lodge.

"Why did I ever suggest this hunting trip?" she thought bitterly. "I wish we were back in London! But—this was bound to come anyhow, so perhaps it is as well to have things end here as there. For I will not go back to him and his domineering."

The stillness gradually grew oppressive. As the shadows in the distance darkened and closed nearer, there stole through Rose's anger the consciousness that she had had no luncheon and that there was no hope of her reaching Levant's before darkness set in. She half paused.

"Goodness!" she thought. "What shall I do if it gets dark before I reach Levant's? I had forgotten that possibility. And when I get there what excuse shall I make for being there?"

Twilight was deepening, coming without gorgeousness of sunset or afterglow, for the overhanging boughs, with their snowy covering, were all but impenetrable. Little by little the tree trunks turned from green and brown to black. Little by little the snow took a bluish hue that darkened into the purple of the drooping boughs, and the air grew raw and sharp with a little night breeze that made Rose shiver as the glow of heavy exercise departed with her first weariness.

Her course was now more difficult. As darkness seemed assured she constantly stumbled, but caught herself each time. But the straining told on the thongs of her snowshoes. Suddenly, she could not tell how, the fastenings on one shoe gave way, and she was thrown violently forward. Had the fall taken place in the soft snow Rose would have been unharmed, but she had just arrived at the brow of a slight slope almost wind swept of snow. As the girl scrambled to her feet her left arm dangled uselessly at her side. With a little moan she slipped her other foot from its snowshoe, then stood for a moment, pain and terror of the darkness rendering her weak and helpless.

Then her courage returned to her. "Nonsense!" she thought. "I've been in the woods alone before. I mustn't get frightened even if it is dark and I don't know where I am."

She took from the pocket of her skirt a tiny oilskin packet. John, the guide, allowed no one in the lodge to be without matches.

"I'll light a fire," she said, "and camp right here for the night."

Dizzy with pain and hunger, she painfully gathered together some dead branches and, kindling a cheerful blaze, sat down before it. The pain in her arm was very great, and she rolled back her sleeve and plied soft handfuls of snow on the flesh.

The whispering of the night through the pines seemed very sad and lonely to Rose. It was only by watching the beauty of the scarlet fire glow on snow and sweeping branches and murmuring over and over to herself that she was not afraid that the girl kept herself from screaming with terror.

Then from out the darkness behind her came the soft fluff fluff of hurrying snowshoes, and Hugh, hot and breathless, stood before her.

"Rose!" he cried. "Rose, I thought I had lost you!"

Rose looked up at him in amazement. "How did you find me, Hugh?"

"Find you! Why, I've been following you ever since you left the lodge. But just at dusk my snowshoe broke, and before I could patch it up you were out of sight."

Rose put another handful of snow on her arm. Hugh threw himself down beside her. "Oh, Rose," he cried, "what have you done to yourself?"

Rose looked up at him. Suddenly she realized how she had been belittling a great thing in satisfying her foolish pride. Suddenly she saw that this was best of all; not that she keep her girlish vanities, but that their love held true no matter who ordered or who obeyed. Suddenly she felt as if she wanted things as they had been at any cost.

"Hugh," she said, "I don't mind. Order me about all you want to; only take care of me and don't let me go away again."

Again the little bewildered look came into Hugh's face as he gathered her close.

"I don't want to order you, Rosie," he said. "I was stubborn, and you know what is for your own best good anyhow. All I want is you, and for the rest you may do as you please."

A Logical Retort.

One night Paganini was going to the Paris opera house, where he was to astonish every one by playing on one string. Being late, he took a cab, and when he arrived at his destination the cabby wanted 10 francs. "What," he exclaimed, "you are crazy. I have only had you five minutes." "I know it is much," said the other, "but for you who make a fortune by playing on one string it must be 10 francs." "Well," said Paganini, handing him the right fare, "when you can make your cab go on one wheel come to me, and I will give you 10 francs."—La Caricaturista.

A LION STORY.

Tragic Experience With One of the African Man Eaters.

"Many years ago," says a writer, "before the arrival of the railway and the sportsman in east Africa, the natives were decimated by lions. It was impossible in some districts to procure mail carriers. Appalling stories are still related of the fearless ferocity of these beasts. The railway was building at Kiu. Several coolies had been carried off by an old lion, and one night Ryall, an English engineer who had seen much service in India, decided to sit up in a railway carriage on the chance of getting a shot. With him were Mr. Huebner, the German consul, and an Italian, Parenti. The night was dark, with but little moon, and after midnight Ryall commented upon the brightness of the fireflies near the carriage and also remarked that he had seen a rat repeatedly cross and recross a spot where the steel rail glinted in the moonlight.

"But the supposed fireflies were the luminous eyes of the lion they waited for, and the rat was the slow movement of his tail. If Ryall had recognized this, his life would have been saved. Tired of their vigil toward the morning, the three watchers went to sleep, Huebner on the upper berth, the two others below. The carriage was the ordinary sleeping carriage familiar to Indian travelers, with a lavatory beyond the couches. An hour had passed, the party was asleep, when the lion jumped into the carriage and seized Ryall, while in a moment Parenti had slipped into the lavatory and closed the door.

"The movements of the lion, or more probably, his weight thrown on one side, caused the door by which he had entered the car to close. Thus Huebner's experience was most terrible. The rifles were below, and on the upper berth he remained while the lion killed Mr. Ryall within three feet of him. After a few awful minutes the great beast jumped out through the window with Ryall's body in its mouth."—Chicago News.

WHY GOOD ROADS PAY

MAKE LAND VALUABLE AND CREATE HIGH AVERAGE INTELLIGENCE.

Striking Instances of Importance of Having Improved Highways Told by an Arkansas Man—Serious Effect of Bad Road Tax on Farmers.

At the recent convention of the Arkansas Good Roads association held at Fort Smith, H. E. Kelley, according to the Goods Roads Magazine, spoke on "Good Roads—Why They Pay," saying in part as follows:

"Roads are the foundation of civilization. They form the means of communication between people, and there is no better index of the intelligence of any community than its roads. Good roads pay. They make high land values, and in time they create high average intelligence in the country through which they are built. Perhaps no better example of this can be found than in New Zealand, where the general government undertakes the building and care of all roads—the railroads as well as the wagon roads. The country of New Zealand is much like that of Arkansas, but the government adopted a development policy which is very effective and highly profitable. One of the main lines of business conducted by the government of New Zealand is in real estate. It acquired by purchase or condemnation large tracts of land. The first thing in the way of development was a highway built through the property. Along this the government sells out to settlers on long time and easy payments land in suitable sizes for farms and homes. The settlers on this land are first given employment by working on the roads. After the roads are in good condition the population comes quite rapidly, and it is astonishing what that government is accomplishing in spreading its people out on the soil. There is no congestion of the population in cities. Each citizen is encouraged to get a home of as many acres of land as he can take care of, and the result is a population whose general intelligence and comfort are greater than I have seen elsewhere.

"That good roads pay is a generally conceded fact, and it has seemed strange to me that an argument on this subject should be needed. A visit to any of the rural districts of Arkansas is convincing proof that an argument is required, for the good roads are not there, and I cannot conceive of a greater contrast than that which the squalor, poverty and ignorance displayed in our rural districts make with the intelligence, cleanliness and comfort one sees in a New Zealand rural district. I think this difference is more due to the roads than to any other cause. Whether the lack of roads breeds ignorance or whether the ignorance breeds the bad roads is a subject I will not undertake to discuss. At any rate, both exist to such an extent in our state that our first patriotic duty is to either dispel the ignorance in procuring the roads or procuring the roads to dispel the ignorance.

"I recently purchased a piece of land near Fort Smith past which ran two good roads recently built. This land was timbered, but the timber had been rated an incumbrance on the land. In fact, it hadn't been profitable to steal it and haul it to town, which fact probably accounts for its still being there. I had a lot of this timber cut and put a rather intelligent person looking for a disposal of it. Some time later I was surprised when he told me that it was sold at a net price, after paying for the hauling, which would more than pay for clearing the land. On looking into this I found that the good roads made it possible to haul a cord or more at a load of this wood to market and make about four loads a day, whereas before the good roads were built two loads of one-half cord each were all that one team could do. It cost $3 a cord to haul this wood before the good roads were built and 75 cents a cord afterward. In other words, the wood was worth $2.25 per cord after the roads were put in, while it was absolutely worthless before. I find that the difference in the cost of hauling a ton of hay to market before and after the good roads for a distance of seven miles is about $2. One of my farm teams over the bad roads will bring a ton of hay to town in a day. Over the good roads they will bring three tons, so the product of a meadow of 100 acres is worth about $300 more with a good road to it at seven miles from town than it is with a bad road. Before this good road was built the meadow was worth $10 per acre. Since it is built $30 seems a reasonable price for it.

"I have found by actual experience that the tax the farmers are paying which keeps them poverty stricken is that imposed by bad roads. For many years I tried earnestly to locate an industrious class of farmers in this county. On different occasions I did succeed in getting several such colonies started. None of them remain. Usually they were a hardy class of Germans such as settled the prairies and states to the north and west of us. One by one they would sell out and go back to the prairie country. On close questioning I would find that the lack of roads and schools was so great these people wouldn't stay. The country they came from had a tax three times as large as ours. In fact, many of the school districts in Kansas where they had lived levied a school tax much greater than our total tax, and it was not unusual for the total tax to be 5 per cent in the counties from which these German settlers came. They would try it a year or two in our country of bad roads and low taxes, then sell out and return to the 5 per cent tax rate.

"Good city streets pay just as well as good country roads, and it is almost impossible to have a clean, healthy, wholesome town without paved streets. We in Fort Smith have had a notable example of how good streets pay."

FLORIDA'S FINE HIGHWAYS.

Great Work of Convicts on Good Roads Proposition.

The use of convict labor in the construction of public works is a phase of economics which has been tried in the southern states with a greater or less meed of success, says the Motor News.

Florida is the latest state to fall in line and put her convicts to work, and road building is the task which has been chosen for the wrongdoers. This work has now been going on for some time, and at the results accomplished the Floridians express great satisfaction. The work, they say, is not only beneficial in giving the prisoners an opportunity to do something, but the exercise and outdoor life tend to the improvement of their health.

Under the system adopted in the Peninsular State the prison laborers enter scarcely at all in competition with their free brothers. The roads would not be built if the cost was high, and as the state obtains the labor for the bare cost of keeping the laborers the expense of laying out and building a magnificent system of highways is comparatively slight.

Along the east coast of Florida there are inexhaustible quarries of cochina rock, while in the district lying south of Daytona to New Smyrna great quantities of oyster shells are to be found. Both furnish excellent materials for road building. Thus Florida has close at hand an abundant and cheap supply of road material.

The cochina rock is soft and easily quarried. It requires but simple machinery to crush it, some of it being merely granulated beneath rollers after it is placed on the surface of the road. The beautiful baths at Palm

CONVICTS AS ROAD WORKERS.

Beach are made of cochina rock, and it has been used in the construction of the excellent road which has recently been completed between Palm Beach and Miami.

Roads on which this material has been used require but little repairing, the experience having been that they improve with age, the stone being ground down until it is like the finest macadam.

On the southern automobile circuit the motorists recently encountered many crews and gangs of convicts at work along the Palm Beach-Miami road. They also passed a convict camp where the prisoners were engaged in mining the cochina rock at the roadside.

The convicts are worked in gangs of half a dozen or so. They are under guard of a keeper, who carries a loaded rifle, while dogs are kept at hand to track any prisoner who might feel impelled to take French leave. This, however, rarely happens. Florida is not a land in which one would be tempted to run away.

Model Mountain Road.

J. C. Colgate, a New York banker, has just completed a road at his country residence in Bennington, Vt., that is a model in its way. The road is up the side of Mount Anthony, and, though the distance in a direct line from the starting point to the summit is only half a mile, the length of the road is four miles and a half. The average grade is only 4 per cent. The building has employed from fifty to sixty men for fourteen months and has cost $125,000. An iron observatory 100 feet high will crown the summit and afford an extended view of the surrounding country.

Cash Plan Pays.

The new plan adopted last spring of paying cash for road work is giving satisfaction in Redford township, Mich., says the Motor News. More work has already been done than in all of last year. The township has been redistricted into fifteen districts, to be supervised by pathmasters, each of whom is furnished with a blank order book. For each day's work an order for $1.50 is issued on the township treasurer.

Good Road Notes

Jefferson county, Tenn., has awarded the contract for building forty miles of macadam road for $230,000.

The $35,000,000 increase in farm values shown in Massachusetts in the last ten years is attributed to her system of good roads.

It is announced that the Great Northern railroad is considering the question of sending out a good roads train over its lines and constructing object lesson roads under the auspices of the office of public roads, United States department of agriculture.

The work of highway improvement in Indiana moves steadily forward, though it attracts less general attention perhaps than the road building in states where the question is new and provokes more discussion. Each year since 1900 Indiana has added about 1,000 miles to her system of gravel roads and now has a total mileage of 16,299 miles. The cost of maintenance has increased from $694,000 in 1902 to $928,000 in 1905.

Troubles of a Club.

"Our guide in Jerusalem, Uriel," says the author of "A Levantine Log Book," "belonged to a club, and with great pride he took us to the clubroom and showed us about. 'We are all very proud of our club,' he explained, 'but it has many difficulties.'

"'What are they?'

"'The principal difficulty,' said Uriel severely, 'is that much of the members refuse to fill the offices at the club, and when they do fill them they refuse to perform their performances.'

"'I don't understand,' said the traveler. 'To perform'—

"'To transact their acts,' explained Uriel. 'To make their duties.'

"'Ah, yes!' interrupted the traveler. 'You mean to do their doings.'

"'Exactly,' agreed Uriel, with gratitude. 'They refuse to do their doings.'"

WOMAN'S WORLD

MRS. ROBERT HUNTER.

A Noble Woman Who Is Engaged In a Noble Work.

As Caroline M. Phelps Stokes of New York, Mrs. Robert Hunter was reared in the lap of luxury. Her father, Anson Phelps Stokes, is many times a millionaire, and her grandfather, Anson Phelps, was numbered among the greatest of New York's many great financiers.

Her home on Fifth avenue was one of the most magnificent in that city of splendid mansions. Liveried servants were always at her call; her every wish was gratified. Nothing that money could buy was denied her when she desired it. She is said to have a fortune of $10,000,000 in her own right.

Blossoming into womanhood Miss Stokes followed the example of her two brothers, the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, Jr., and J. G. Phelps Stokes, and began work in the slums of New York's east side.

She turned her back upon the usual pleasures of the rich and the invitations

MRS. ROBERT HUNTER.

of her social set, and, with remarkable devotion to the cause, set about alleviating the sufferings of those who were far less fortunate than herself.

It was while engaged in this work that she met Robert Hunter, a young man who had been brought from the west to take charge of a large university settlement work in the east side. He had nothing more to offer her than a clean heart, a clear head and a strong character that was all aflame with enthusiasm for the betterment of the lower strata of humanity, but Miss Stokes had not been impressed by the average young men in her social set. So the two were married.

Not long afterward their friends were astounded to learn that the Hunters had abandoned their palatial dwelling on Fifth avenue and had gone down into the lower west side of New York, a section that had been crying out for help for years, to make their home there.

They took a modest house in Grove street, and there they have since resided. Their days are spent receiving callers—not those from the fashionable set they had left uptown, but from the squalid regions about them—in extending the helping hand and studying what next to do in the campaign against poverty and its accompanying evils.

"All day long white faced misery throngs to the door of the humble little house." Financial assistance is given one, advice to another, a tangle in the thread of this life or that is straightened.

"We have taken this small house," said Mr. and Mrs. Hunter to an early caller, "in order to keep our lives simple. There isn't half as much interest in the life of fashionable New York as is to be found in the kindly, homely circles of humbler folk. We want to live the race life, the true American life. It is for the purpose of being next door to poverty that we have come here."—Philadelphia North American.

Perpetual Youth.

Every woman desires to retain as long as may be her youthfulness of face, form and movement, yet the true secret of such enduring youth is by no means universally recognized. A woman is happy just in proportion as she is content. The sun has a way of changing the spots upon which it shines. Especially is this true of our land, where one is up today and down tomorrow and vice versa. The wisest woman is she who trusts in a tomorrow, but never looks for it. To sit down and wish that this might be, that that would be different, does a woman no good. It does her harm, in that it makes her dissatisfied with herself, unpleasant to her friends, and makes her old before her time. Happiness is not always increased in proportion to large success. This may sound like an old saw, and so it is, but there is a world of wisdom in many an old proverb, just the same. Contentment is a wonderful thing to cultivate. There would be fewer prematurely old women, says Woman's Life, in the world, if it were given more of a trial and it became a more universal quality in womanhood.

Sensitive Women.

Sensitive women, above all others, have need of that grand spiritual virtue, common sense. And sensitive girls should be instructed carefully as to the capabilities and dangers of their peculiar temperament. They should be taught to govern not only their actions but their thoughts and feelings, by their reason and judgment. They should be shown how to argue their misery out to its lowest terms before allowing themselves to be made miserable by imaginary sorrows.

For girls or for those older who never have been truly disciplined such training is necessary ere they can find peace of mind and comfort amid the conflicts of an emotional temperament. The final virtue of the sensitive spiritual nature is to be happy. And though it may take many struggles to attain this state the mind should be made up that happiness is the right and highest condition and that only weak minded people believe it fine to be miserable.

The Thin Woman's Clothes.

One of the unsolved mysteries is why the average thin woman is inclined to wear her clothes in such a way that they only accentuate her thinness. Instead of diminishing the length of her back by a deeply shaped belt she too often wears a belt so narrow that it looks as though she had taken particular pains to hunt down the narrowest to be found, and instead of wearing her blouse generously full and pouched in front she seems to take pleasure in pulling it down skin tight. In fact, the thin woman should wear frills and furbelows as much as possible instead of accentuating her long lines and acute angles by clothes that seem to be cut on her own pattern.—New York Mail.

Cord Chair Seats.

When the cane is worn from chairs and they are not considered sufficiently valuable for the expense of new cane seats they may be reseated with heavy cord and will wear for a long time. The old cane should all be cleared away and the lengths of cord run in the same holes and knotted securely beneath. Then weave them in and out, after the manner of weaving the cane, although it is not necessary to attempt any special pattern. After reaching the opposite side the free ends are pushed down through the holes and tied beneath. Give the seat a coat of paint or stain to match the chair frame, and a very acceptable chair is the result.

Sewing on Buttons.

When sewing on buttons, before you lay the buttons on the garment, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button and prevents it from being ironed or torn away. Before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button so that the threads go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes, draw out the pin and draw the thread round and round beneath the button. This forms a stem to sustain the pulling and wear of the buttonhole.

Massage.

Flesh on any part of the body may be reduced by proper massage. Anoint with cocoa butter or any other good massage agent, so that the flesh will not be bruised; then, by picking up the flesh in tiny folds and rolling between thumb and first finger, you will be able to dissolve the tiny fat cells. Follow with cold water baths to avoid a flabby condition that otherwise might result from this massage.

Sour Milk and Silver.

As a silver cleaner sour milk is invaluable and will save the busy housewife much time and hard work. All that is necessary is to put the silver in a deep bowl of sour milk, let it lie there for ten or fifteen minutes and then rinse it in scalding water, drying it immediately with a flannel cloth. The lactic acid in the milk removes the tarnish from the silver and leaves it bright and clean.

Teach Children Prudence.

Wise parents will ever strive to impress upon their children the necessity of forming prudent habits; of spending money to advantage, so that some article of utility or value is always obtained for it; the duty of exercising systematic and judicious charity, and that the purest happiness which can be experienced upon earth springs from the practice of benevolence.

The Bedclothes.

To keep the bedclothes from pulling away from the foot of an iron bedstead, on the foot end of the mattress sew three large buttons, one in the middle and the others near the corners. On one end of the sheets and blankets sew tape loops to correspond with the buttons. This overcomes the only fault of iron and brass bedsteads.

The Photographer Advises.

A photographer suggests that when having a photograph taken the lady dress her hair in a becoming fashion without regard to the latest mode, which will certainly change and make the picture look old fashioned, while a becoming style will not. Do not wear a new dress, and only young people should be photographed in white.

To sweeten rancid butter melt the butter and skim it, then put into it a piece of toast (be careful it is not burned). In a few minutes the butter will lose its rancid taste and smell, which the toast has absorbed.

The home of the Woman's club of Denver has been exempted from any taxation on the ground that the club is a charitable organization and engaged in humanitarian work.

Spending money is an art which ought to be studied, and every wife can so spend her husband's earnings as to double the purchasing power.

If alum is added to the paste used in covering boxes with paper or muslin moths and mice will avoid them.

Two Important Don'ts.

Don't, my dear girls, begin dabbing your faces with creams and lotions one moment before you need. Pure soap and rain water are all the cosmetics necessary till you are twenty-five at least. After that nightly applications of cold cream and an occasional dust of powder are permissible.

Don't, because you are married, think things do not matter; that you can wear shabby dressing jackets and present a cold cream smeared countenance to your husband's astonished gaze. He may not say anything, but he thinks all the more, and lots of little rifts begin just that way.

Kitchen Scissors.

A kitchen convenience which is not present in every household is a pair of sharp scissors. Scissors are used to trim lamp wicks, which is wrong, and to cut papers and string, but seldom for trimming bacon and ham rinds, skinning parts of fowls which need skinning and trimming salads. These are proper uses for scissors, and the use of them saves much labor.

POOR COOKING.

Responsible For Much of the Misery That Invades the Home.

Just so long as people live principally upon cooked food, just so long will cooking and the kitchen be, as they now are, exceedingly important features of every household, impossible to ignore or overlook with impunity.

Many a good cause has been lost for the time being and many a bright future has been darkened by some one's indigestion. Indigestion is at the root of almost as many of humanity's troubles as selfishness itself. But of course ignorance is at the root of them all. Whenever people know better they avoid and escape the woes that come through ignorance.

Without a good digestion health is impossible, and lack of health is misery. Poor cooking produces about as much indigestion as bad temper. In fact, it is a case of action and reaction—indigestion, low spirits, bad temper; bad temper, low spirits, indigestion, and so on interminably. Bad cooking, bad temper, low spirits, all belong together. They propagate each other. Since poorly cooked food produces indigestion, poor cooked food should be abolished, says Woman's Life. It can be abolished by all who set about it by paying attention to having the very best possible cooking for each meal, however simple it may be.

DON'T SHOW OFF THE BABY.

Shield the Little One From Excitement and Fatigue.

Too great emphasis cannot be laid on this matter of shielding the baby from excitement. Undoubtedly the temptation to show him off is very great—he is such a cunning little dear, and he has such pretty tricks. But decide now. Is it your desire to gratify your pride or promote your baby's welfare? It is a great mistake to handle an infant any more than necessary, not only on the score of his nerves, but on that of his bones. Baby's bones, you know, are soft; thus constant handling tends to destroy the shapeliness of his body. The greater part of his early life should be spent on the bed. When he gets tired of lying in one position gently roll him over without picking him up. When it is strictly necessary to lift him, there is only one way to do so without subjecting any part of his body to pressure or strain that may endanger a delicate organ. With your right hand grasp his clothing just below his feet and then spread out your left hand and extend it along his spine until your palm is supporting his back and your three middle fingers his neck and head. In this way baby's clothing is made to form a hammock in which he comfortably lies.—Outing Magazine.

KITCHEN HELPS.

In blending flour and water if a fork is used it will not lump.

When washing glasses in hot water be sure the outside of the glass is washed first. In this way the glass is kept from breaking.

Do not lay the scrubbing brush with the bristles upward. The water is allowed to soak into the wooden part and the bristles very soon become loose. Always place it with the bristles down.

To clean copper take a handful of common salt, enough water and flour to make a paste; mix together thoroughly. There is nothing better for cleaning copper. After using the paste wash thoroughly.

Cut newspaper sheets into four pieces, put a string through one corner and hang near the sink. If a sheet of paper is placed under any cooking utensil that is set in the sink after being taken off the stove, much scrubbing and cleaning will be saved.

Women In Chivalry.

The old order changeth, and orders of chivalry, that had their first origin in the association together of men for the protection of women, are now beginning to admit women to their ranks, says the London Globe. The movement is very slow and moves faster in France, where it had its rise. One of the first members of the great Bonaparte's Legion of Honor was a woman who had won the distinction and her commission by rising from the ranks in his wars, with a dozen wounds to show as her title deeds. During the restored monarchy, the second republic and the second empire, no more women were admitted, but the third republic has gone back to Bonaparte's tradition, and has this year admitted three women, two of them belonging to the stage, of whom Bernhardt is one, and the third a woman painter, Mme. Lemaire, whose studio is a veritable garden of the roses she delights to paint.

His Name and His Legs.

Professor Lyon Playfair once visited a phosphate mine whose manager, a Scotchman, desired him to leave at once and drop his specimens. Professor Playfair addressed him in good Scotch and asked him if he thought him a mining adventurer. "Ay, that's just what ye are!" "No," replied Mr. Playfair, "I am a Scotch professor." "Then, if ye are, ye'll be havin' a name." "My name is Playfair," he responded. "Man," said the Scotchman, "are ye Lyon Playfair?" Then, looking from his six feet two inches with compassion on the five feet four of the professor, he continued: "Hoot, mon, yer name's traveled further than yer wee legs will ever carry ye!"—Christian Register.

Where Solomon's Wisdom Failed.

King Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived. People came from miles around just to look at the receptacle of so much wisdom. One day a young man came to him and knelt before his throne.

"Oh, king, live forever!" said the young man. "I am in love. I bought the object of my affection a diamond pin. She allowed me to kiss her and later accidentally called me 'dear' and blushed and apologized. Do you she care anything for me?"

"I don't know," said King Solomon.—Chicago Tribune.